

'41 Geechee Is Delightfully Different

Every Phase of College Life Is Portrayed

There is a treat in store for all the Armstrong students when they first see the 1941 Geechee. This year's annual will be new, clever, different and will touch accurately and colorfully every phase of college life as it is lived at Armstrong. Raymond Monsalvatge, editor-in-chief of the Geechee wishes to give the credit due to his very capable staff of assistants.

Miss Constanca Smith was originally designated as art editor, but she has carried her job for beyond its ordinary limits. Miss Smith's handling of the layouts for the Geechee is refreshingly different. She has also designed a cover for the yearbook in entire harmony with its originality.

Miss Lillian Quattlebaum and Frederick Reiser have amassed a wealth of vital statistics concerning the sophomores, and using these statistics as a background, Mr. Reiser and his co-workers are writing an original poem about each sophomore which will be put under each picture, along with the student's personal history.

Miss Sterly Iebey and Miss Mary Hinely are the feature writers for the Geechee, and they have co-ordinated the information on school organizations in a very interesting way. Every college activity will be covered, with special features on the Institute Of Citizenship and Homecoming.

Irving Victor is this year's sophomore editor. In addition to his regular duties, he is preparing a very interesting feature page. Jack Tyson is directing the work of taking candid snapshots. Mr. James Cobb has done remarkable work in taking the individual pictures of the students. An attempt has been made to feature in these pictures the activity that each student is most interested in. Specialty shots for the annual are being taken by David Barnett.

Very valuable assistance in taking individual and group pictures has been given by Jo Beth Huff, Jean Jordan, Debs Bernstein, Josephine Elliott, Katherine Durden, Ann Harms, and George Carlock. Mr. Monsalvatge wishes to remind the freshmen that, according to the Student Senate, the editor-in-chief of the next annual must have worked on this year's staff.

Inkwell Poll Selects The Royal Family Of Armstrong

Since the balloting of the sophomore Who's poll, the Students of A. J. C. have thought little of the results, due, naturally, to the impending exams. Now, like a comet flashing across the mystic sky and suddenly bursting into a myriad of flames, Behold! The Results.

But first a word or two as to the technical part of the contest. This sophomore Who's Who was sponsored by the Inkwell and was designed for two specific purposes. First of all, it is always interesting to know who is the Venus de Milo, the Socrates, the Bacchus, etc. of A. J. C.

Then too, it is well exemplified by the results of the poll that even in such a small group as ours there exist outstanding characterizations of different moods and mannerisms.

The stage is set. Lights: Your announcer enters, and in a long, piercing voice: "Presenting . . . (Roll of drums and flare of trumpets). Their Royal Majesties, the King and Queen of good-looks

Alfred Schwanebeck and Barbara Stults

Their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Personality.

Jack Tyson and Helen Schley

The Duke and Duchess of Wit
Joe Livingston and Emma Clemens

The Most Esteemed and Learned Lord and Lady

David Middleton and Julia Marshall

The Baron and Baroness of Popularity

Irving Victor and Betty McMillan

Lieut. Oakes Addresses Flying Club

At a recent meeting of the Armstrong Flying Club, the members were privileged to hear a talk by Lieut. Orville Oakes of the Savannah Air Base.

Lieut. Oakes, a personal friend of Orville Wright, for whom he is named, spoke on the opportunities for young men in military aviation. After the talk, an informal discussion was held, at which time he answered a great number of questions dealing with army flying.

The meeting was attended by a large crowd, including two of the newest members, Jeanne Patterson and Georgia Wynne.

The Count and Countess of Fashion

James Davenport and Emma Clemens

The King and Queen of Sport
Joe Genone and Sarah Owens

And now to sum it all up,
The Best All-Around

Raymond Monsalvatge and Cleve Turner

Do not think for a moment that these people have acquired their honors by divine right or inheritance. Indeed not. For the most part, a closely contested battle prevailed, and many of the honors were gained by narrow margins. Among those figuring closely in the polls were: Dot Finch, Edwin Shepherd, Elsa Schweizer, Bill Penny, Joe Craig, David Barnett, and Walter Lowe.

So Royal Family, The INKWELL, on behalf of the student body, extends the warmest congratulations and best wishes to those achieving the honors. May you wear well the crowns that now rest on your heads, and as the years roll by, may you gain more and more honors, until you finally win the long coveted and richly-jeweled crown of Old Age.

Kestler Speaks To Foreign Relations Council

Talks On Democracy Vs. Dictatorship

At the regular bi-weekly meeting of the Armstrong Foreign Relations Council on Monday, February 17, Professor Charles Kestler delivered an address on the basic principles upon which a democracy works, and the ways in which a democracy differs from a dictatorship.

Mr. Kestler began by asking the question: "Wherein does a democracy differ from a dictatorship?" "A democracy," he said, "puts into effect the distinction between the State and the community. In a democracy, people are citizens of a community and of the State. In a dictatorship, people are citizens of the State alone."

"The mechanism of democracy," he continued, "may change, but as long as freedom remains, democracy still prevails."

"The second basic difference between the two forms of government is the fact that a democracy depends on the free operation of conflicting opinions. Public opinion," he said, "is no better than the people who hold it, therefore education and enlightenment of the people of a democracy are necessary in order for the democracy to survive."

Mr. Kestler enumerated two false charges which are sometimes brought against the democratic form of government. The first charge is that a democratic form tends to lower the standards of the people until a dead level of incapacity is reached. The second charge is that a democracy leads to a caste

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S. F. Livingston Talks To Student Body

DuPont Chemist Speaks On Agricultural Chemistry

Perhaps the most outstanding, and certainly the most practical, assembly of the Winter quarter, was held week before last when the student body was privileged to hear a talk by S. F. Livingston, head of the agricultural research division of the DuPont Corporation.

Speaking of the vast frontiers that have been opened by the chemical industry, Mr. Livingston said: "Chemical frontiers are just commencing. Twenty-five years ago there was no chemical industry to speak of. Now there are over 10,000 chemical alloys". He added that chemistry and chemical research have changed our mode of living to a great extent.

The chemistry of agricultural products was the main topic of the talk. Mr. Livingston sees great hope for the future of agriculture because of the new uses for agricultural raw products that chemistry has found. He illustrated many of his points with an elaborate display of products recently made from cellulose and other plant fibers.

Robert Hagan Is Freshman Treasurer Succeeds Gene Wolf

Robert Hagan was elected treasurer of the Freshman class on February 13 to succeed Miss Gene Wolf who did not return to school for the Winter quarter.

Mr. Hagan's nomination for the post was uncontested, and he was elected automatically.

Playhouse Achieves Brilliant Success

"Our Town" Thrills Large Audiences.

On the fifth anniversary of its brilliant career, the Savannah Playhouse blazed an unforgettable place for itself in the hearts and memories of all those who saw "Our Town". In the presentation of this show, which is in itself startling in its stark and naked beauty, the Playhouse again forges into the lead in portraying that which is different and unusual. "Our Town" was more than a play. It is the essence and fragrance of a new born day. It is the glory and the gladness of a free country. It is America. In it, the spectator somehow finds the medium in which the pent-up emotions that perhaps linger in his heart from childhood may be realized.

To see "Our Town" is to live it. On the opening night, and throughout the entire week of performance, the Savannah audiences sat spellbound through the play. Many were moved to tears by the forceful drama that brought to life the love and gladness of just the seemingly ordinary and simple things of living.

In the next play, it is the desire of the Savannah Playhouse and its director, Mr. Keach, to bring to the Savannah audience, a guest star from Broadway. Some of the stars which were offered as possibilities were Frances Farmer, Sinclair Lewis, Elisa Landi, and others. The selection will be made at an early date.

H. R. 1776

By Emil Blair

The U. S. Congress has been for weeks debating one of the most momentous and delicate issues ever to appear before that body. From all appearances the arguments are concerned with aid to Great Britain as regards the safety of the U. S. itself. Let us look a little further into the question.

The bill is called H. R. 1776 and its purpose is to aid and foster the national defense of the U. S. When I first learned this I was actually astonished; for, according to information obtained in the newspapers and the radio, indications are that the U. S. must give all possible aid "short of war" to England or the whole world is doomed to utter destruction at the hands of a mad man.

The collapse of England would indeed be a catastrophe, and we all fervently hope that just the opposite will happen—that Nazi Germany will be crushed. However, to believe, in the event that England is defeated, that Hitler would immediately launch upon a venture of world conquest is a good bit of exaggeration.

Nevertheless it is of vital necessity that America be prepared for any eventuality. It is here that the advocates rely too much upon

a defense frontier thousands of miles away.

The principal argument of the supporters of the bill is that England is fighting our war, and we must back them to the limit. The great danger of this belief lies in the fact that since England is so dependent upon the fact that, should the bill be adopted, our aid to her would finally wind up with sending our Army, Navy, and Air force over seas.

We would have our necks in so deep that we couldn't pull ourselves out without hanging ourselves. England would demand everything we have (and don't think I believe that we should extend she won't when the going gets rougher this spring) and she will get it.

limited aid to Britain, and not what is prescribed in the lend-lease bill. We would be only cutting our own throats. We are having enough trouble ourselves, what with strikes in defense industries and the usually prevalent political graft, not to mention numerous other impediments to our national defense. It may seem selfish, and we may be branded as letting Britain down in her time of need, but should England fall and the be-

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SHIRTS SOCKS AND TIES

By Mary Hinely

Could it be the sun, Haley's comet, or a forest fire that blinded my eyes so early in the morning? No, it was just the gay array of Armstrong's shirts, socks, and ties. Perhaps you think I'm exaggerating or that my eyes are unusually susceptible to bright lights. But just listen to this.

Perry Reynolds wore an Irish green sweater, and just beside Perry was Joe Livingston in a navy blue polka-dot shirt. Alfred Schwane-

beck's socks were red, brown, green, tan, and black. The index toe on the north side of his foot was darned with pink thread. The stripes on his shirt were arranged in the reverse order (without the pink darning thread).

When I saw Fredrick Reiser's socks I calmed down a little for they were a very conservative black with orange and green snake

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CITIZENSHIP INSTITUTE

Armstrong's third annual Institute of Citizenship seems to have met with the general approval of the student body, the faculty, and all those who attended the sessions this year. The greater appeal of the Institute to the student body was probably due to the fact that the topic "College Youth and Jobs" was a particularly pertinent one at this time in the college student's career. And, too, the subject was rather fully discussed by the group of able speakers who took part in the program. It is the hope of the entire student body that the Institute programs in the future be built around topics such as this last Institute was concerned with; topics which bear some relation to the life of the student in the not too distant future.

YOUTH AND THE COUNTRY

If there was ever a period in the history of this country when college students should know something of the trend of events of their country and seek out the truth in them, that time is now. Today the march of events is a swift one. In the United States, never before has there been a greater need of understanding of the country's policies as now.

The United States lies perilously close to the brink of war, and the generation to weather the storm must know just what they would be defending. The college student seems to think that he has no time for matters of politics or is indifferent to the history making episodes now taking place in his country. He is the one to fight the war, and he should know what he would be fighting for.

Care should be taken not to go to extremes of propaganda consciousness and other morale-destroying elements; but it is of vital importance to him and his country that he knows why his country is struggling and what its policies really are beneath the guise of super-emotionalism and the flares of excited country leaders.

Armstrong from the Balcony

Rosanne Dismukes can't seem to get anyone else's ring to wear, so now she has "Romeo" Hughes wearing hers. The same ring stayed on Irving Victor's finger for two weeks... My how that gal gets around.

Ethel Hill has eyes only for Joe Jenkins these days.

The old saying about "The uniform makes the man" seems to have scored another hit—Charles Usher was doing all right with a certain S. H. S. girl before one of Savannah's own boys at Fort Jackson stepped in.

Bill Sweatt just couldn't find the basket or keep his eyes on the ball the night he had a date with a blonde nurse.

Harry Eubanks believes in "Off with the old, on with the new", and this time it was Lola Todd who replaced Mary A.

Jack Tyson seems to enjoy the company of a little brunette who visits A. J. C. quite often during his free period (Don't mention it, but her initials are Utevia Parrish).

Little Audrey thinks Pedro Lowe is the best looking boy in A. J. C.

It was rumored that Charles S. sent A. K. Durden a valentine. How about it, Charles?

Vernon Bragg and Ann Martin have come to the parting of the ways. Ann's dream man is Frank Maner, but Frank is still quite the man about town.

Stump Shepherd, A. J. C.'s supposed conservative bachelor has been having some sleepless nights over a certain Ga. Co-ed.

When the chemistry class went through the Sugar Refinery, it was hard for Gilly to tell which was the sweeter, Dot or the sugar.

They say that flowers aren't used on the table at Betty Morgan's home any more. They have been replaced with a bottle of rub-down lotion. This is all since the Golden Gloves Tournament and the arrival of David Sims. (P. S. Langston is still swinging.)

Ruby Fripp has decided that the old song "There's something About A Soldier", is all the bunk. She has an out of townner by the name of Ashley writing her the most affectionate Billet doux.

What certain "rabbit" is keenly interested in a leading lady of the

last Playhouse production?

Jo Beth Huff makes it very clear that Billy Smith of S. H. S. is her one and only.

We wonder why Lucy Bowyer always picks Joe Craig out of all the boys at the dance to dance with first.

Kenneth Baker may call himself the "Lone Wolf", but Emma Clemens doesn't believe it.

This Joe Jenkins—Ethel affair is getting along just fine. We understand Joe is a very good one-armed driver.

There are a few boys around the school now who feel that Ruby Fripp's letters from Clinton, S. C. actually "drip". Their saying now is: "What has Scarlett got that Ruby hasn't; they both have an Ashley."

"Waterloo Bridge certainly brought back memories to Martha Williams. That is all she can talk about now.

What is this about Joe Waters that seems to get the girls? He always has about four or five hanging around him.

Reynolds has finally decided that black haired girls are better than red-haired ones. He now visits Mardy Perdum.

Jack Foy is immune to girls at A. J. C. His little woman is a blond who lives at Egypt, Ga.

It is said that Allan Laird, the true lover, hasn't any time for A. J. C. girls—that is, during school hours. Cleve Turner doesn't believe this, though.

What has happened to the Snipes—Hendricks affair?

"Stump" Shepherd informed a certain freshman girl that he has had a little experience along "a certain line". Could his past experience have any connection with Betty Bennett?

Marjorie McFarland and Bobby Hester are still "That Way" about each other.

Cameron Mixon still believes in the saying "A man without a blond is like a ship without a rudder."—referring, of course, to Helen Cooper.

Whose basketball is Billie Ruth Anchors wearing, and why does she keep the owner's name such a secret? Not ashamed of it, are you, Billie Ruth?

Bound To Be Read

Joe Livingston

The last of the elections for the class of '41 are over and truly have the shadows begun to creep across a field of brilliance unparalleled in Armstrong's history, for surely our class has ascended to heights heretofore unreached by any previous student body at A. J. C.

The last election results were very fine and as should be. Having been an "also ran" we feel unable to express, our one principle observation. It is still evident that some people just can't two and two and make it equal three and one.

A New York store advertises that it understands the woman in all her moods. So much for the theory that what business lacks is confidence.

Our personal congratulations to Raymond Monsalvatge on his being selected the most outstanding sophomore (even if he did ask us if we expected a miracle when he complained of our Geechee pictures.) It is quite an honor, Senor M., and we are sure that

no student has any serious objections whatever and certainly has no doubt that you will fill the shoes of achievement placed at your feet.

Attractiveness is a delight to the male eye, but it won't cook the dinner.

Pay your taxes with a smile, urges public official.

We'd love to, but the collector always demands cash.

No mention has been made of the daring (?) rescue of "Mike", the cat, who was trapped under the auditorium. Messrs. Oscar Crosby and Joe Berg made the deserving and effective rescue. Right in the midst of the grunting and emitting of (five words censored), Dr. Dyer rushed out and asked the rescue party if they wouldn't please get away from his window. By this time the feline was freed, and a donation from the Livingston Re-

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Unearthed in Exchanges

What did the mayonnaise say to the ice-box?

Close the door, I'm dressing.

What did the rug say to the floor? Don't move now, I've got you covered.

Then there was the freshman who asked if a bacteria was the rear entrance to a cafeteria.

A man can do tricks with money, but it takes a woman to make it fly.

—Hyphen

For beauty I am not a star. There are others more handsome by far.

But my face I don't mind it, For I am behind it. It's the people in front that I jar.

Director: "Have you ever had any stage experience?"

Young actor: "Well, I had my leg in a cast once."

—Bay Window.

Father: "Son, can't you cut down on your college expenses?"

Son: "Well, I could do without books."

—Pony Prints

There are three types of women—the beautiful, the intelligent and the majority.

Old Maid's Prayer

Lord, I am not asking anything for myself, but please send my mother a son-in-law.

—Tech High Rainbow.

There are to me two kinds of guys And only two that I despise: The first I'd really like to slam— The one who copies my exam. The other is the dirty skunk Who covers his and lets me flunk.

—Yellow Jacket

Poem

High chair
High school
High life
High-powered car
High ball
High speed
Hi, St. Pete.

—The Periscope

In Commemoration

Diner: "Did you serve me this cherry pie because it's Washington's birthday?"

Waiter: "That's right, sir."

Diner: "Well, suppose you serve me an axe to cut it with."

—The Alchemist

Life's Run

What is meant by the three r's? The three r's run all thru life,— at twenty it's romance, at forty it's rent, and at sixty-five it's rheumatism.

—Hyphen.

Green Little Chemist

(Dedicated to Ruth Cargill)
A green little chemist
On a green little day
Mixed some green little chemicals
In a green little way.
Now the green little grasses tenderly wave
On the green little chemist's Green little grave.

Pony Prints.

What did the creek say when the fat lady fell in?

Well I'll be dammed.

IT PAYS TO PLAY HOOKEY

Or Heaven will protect the working girl

A short story by
Ruthie Cargill

I can't imagine why I ever started to work for a blundering old man like James P. Strontium, but there I was alone in New York, and there he was with a vacant secretary—I mean a vacancy for a secretary—and you know the old story: boy (man if you must) meets girl, etc. Oh, but there wasn't anything romantic within a mile of the situation. He never asked me out for dinner.

I had been working for J. P. approximately four weeks, and, slowly but surely, all my girlish illusions about America's manhood were being blown to bits.

He was the sort of man who liked to talk early in the morning, just about the time when it's hardest for a girl to keep her eyes half way open. He would invariably fling open the window and say to me in a Hitlerish sort of way, "It is a beautiful morning. Today we'll catch up with all the back work."

One day I almost fainted. I thought J. P.—I spoke of him as J. P. when I was alone, which was about three-fourths of the time—was beginning to realize just how I look, which really isn't such a horrible way to look when I curl my hair and apply my make-up carefully. He looked right at me with his soul in his eyes and said, "Miss Dooley, you have such a beautiful—such a beautiful sense of duty."

Well, that was just about the last straw. I said, "Thank you, Mr. Strontium, I think you're pretty too." But he didn't catch on, being the nut that he was.

You know, there's an old saying to the effect that big trees from little nuts grow. Well, one day a major miracle happened. J. P. had a son. Oh, I don't mean a new son, or anything like that. He was the "big tree which had sprung from the little nut"—I hope you follow me.

It was the day I happened to be a few minutes late for work. I dashed into J. P.'s office to explain how the maid had washed my one and only pair of stockings by mistake and I had to wait until the oven dried them out because if I didn't I might catch pneumonia, etc. It seems that J. P. beat me to it, however, catching pneumonia, I mean, and here sat J. P., Jr., a gem in the rough. I really mean rough, too. He glared at me as I stood there with my bare face showing (I had misplaced my compact). My hair had the look of—well, a sort of mouse-contaminated look. He rose slowly and looked me over from tip to toe, which was rather nice for a change after being completely overlooked by his honorable father who, incidentally, is simply rolling in wealth. I began my explanation. I knew it was J. P.'s son, for he had spent the time prior to my grand entrance cutting JR. out of black cardboard and pasting it on a little stand which he neatly joined to the end of his father's name.

"Mr. Strontium", I stammered. But that was as far as I got.

"Yes, I quite understand", he said in a voice that would have put Errol Flynn to shame. "You struck a snag, no doubt." He glanced at my legs upon which I

was still standing by some kindness of the gods who protect unsuspecting working girls from shock.

"Won't you sit down, Miss—er—ah —"

"Dooley", I supplemented in a voice that dripped ice. I hated him for humiliating me so. I sat on the edge of the chair and he smiled at me from behind his father's desk. Evil thoughts were racing through my alleged mind, and I felt as if I could have shot him even with my allergy towards guns.

"Would you like to powder your nose before we go to lunch?" he inquired in the same Hitlerish manner of his father's. It was softened however by the most divine smile. I felt my anger fading. It returned at once when I realized he had insinuated my nose was shiny.

"Are you insinuating that my nose is unsatisfactory for working purposes?" I demanded. I must have used the wrong words or something, because he misconstrued my meaning completely.

"I don't know. We'll see. "He came toward me and I retreated a few steps.

"Don't be nervous", he soothed. "This won't hurt a bit." Solemnly he took out a large linen hankie and held it across my nose.

"Blow," he ordered.

A giggle arose from the depths of his manly chest, and my own giggle came out to join his. I knew then how well we should get along. Our giggles were so—well, compatible. This was more like it, I thought.

I powdered my nose and rearranged my curls to their best advantage. We were off, but definitely. It was very exciting. We went to a funny little restaurant which had an almost microscopic orchestra, then to see a movie, and finally to dinner, and dancing. My sense of humor was reawakened completely.

As fate would have it, though, old J. P. revived himself in time to come down to the office the next day "just to see how we were getting along". Naturally, we weren't expecting him. The radio was giving out "A Lullaby of Love", and I was in J. P.'s arms dancing in a cloud of dreams. He was the most heavenly dancer.

"Ahem", said J. P., Sr. A painful pause followed.

"Miss Dooley", he continued, "Is this the way you behave in my absence?"

I just stood there and looked at him.

"I am very sorry", he said. "Your help is no longer needed. Good-day."

"What's good about it?" I asked dejectedly. I wondered vaguely why some men had to be so conscientious.

"What do you mean by neglecting your duty, Miss Dooley?" It was J. P., Jr., who spoke. Again I just stood, but this time I glared. A fine friend he'd turned out to be. Here he had deliberately led me astray from my "Duty" and now, man fashion, he sided with his father.

It was more than a girl could stand, really. Why he had even made love to me. My anger turned

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H. R. 1776

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lief of the leaders of this country prevail, that Hitler wants to rule the world, we would be called upon to save the world. And how could we, if we would have given England the majority of our war implements.

Naturally, all that I have said has been based on assumption. Everything connected with this bill is based on assumption. The bill itself is to be guided by assumptions.

In my mind the clearest reasoning lies in preparing ourselves and not depending on anyone else to fight our war. We humans are too desirous of letting other people do the unpleasant things in this world. We should not depend on England, for we have no guarantee as to her success. We do, on the other hand, have the guarantee of remaining a free democracy if we are prepared and all our energies should be devoted to that end.

I do not by any means propose war, although I believe that we will get into it by one means or another. I am confident of the fact that the lease-lend bill will NOT keep us out of war, for its provisions are acts of war itself.

If we think that Germany is going to stand by and let us convoy war supplies to Britain without doing something quite drastic about it, we are very mistaken and we had better descend from the world of fantasy into realism, or it shall prove most unfortunate.

Then, too, there is the question of giving unlimited powers to the president. A prominent supporter of the bill once said: "... what is called legitimate debate would cause Congress to consume from thirty to forty-five days in passing each bill. These delays would prove beneficial to Hitler. They might be disastrous to us."

In those words there is the appeal for the shift of power from Congress to one man, the president. There is also the cry that if the president has this power granted to him in the bill, he would be able to make lightning decisions. All of this is true. But would that be running affairs in the democratic way? What in the world are we supposed to be helping England for anyhow?

The president, if granted these powers, could arrange matters so that he would be responsible to no one but himself, and in a democracy the president is responsible to the people.

Let us not depend on any one person for such a delicate task as safeguarding our precious liberties. Let us instead be inspired by our fathers, the founders of this great nation, and prepare ourselves to fight for that which they gave us and which we treasure most highly.

KESTLER

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system. Both of these charges, he said, are founded on fiction, and are simply the attempts of enemies of the democratic system to discredit democracy.

Many a man has gotten himself into a stew, trying to grab a hot potato.

PICKED PEEKS

This column has been inaugurated to demonstrate the fact that there is a lot that goes on that can't be seen from a balcony. It will continue as long as college students can continue to be indiscreet, which insures its immortality.

It is an established fact that the editing of a gossip column (horrid phrases), requires no high intellect, but an accurate recounting of events does require more practical experience than your former spy can boast. Blair's writing a column of this type is about as practical as a bachelor's advice on the care and feeding of a baby.

Well, roses aren't red yet,
Violets aren't blue yet
but these folks just couldn't wait:

Finch, the skeptic, has resigned herself to her fate. She scoffed Livingston's sage prognostication that with the influx of such a good looking bunch of freshmen gals, sophomore women would have much more time for reading books. But "it all comes back to her now". Well, freshmen boys are nice anyway, aren't they, "Dot". One thing you can say for "Gillie", he "sho" can pick 'em.

Humpty-Dumpty had a great fall and so did Tom Adams when Pearl (no relation to the sewing machine girl) Perry gave him the cold shoulder. Well, it's an ill wind that blows no good. Here's your chance, Catherwood, up and at 'em.

"Baby David" doesn't sound like much of a name for a pugilist, but as Bettye (Note: final "e" is silent) Morgan avows David is a giant "killer". Maybe that's the reason Langston has been flexing his muscles in private. "I know not what course the other may choose", but as for me, I'd swar a ring-side seat for Joe Louis' title defense for general admission to the fracas that promises to ensue when Janie Belle Lewis hits

SHIRTS, SOCKS

stripes—the very thing for a Hallow'een nightmare.

I thought my poor soul would find relief with the humanities teacher, so I sought his council. But, he too has become a victim of the modern haberdasher. Mr. Kestler wore a blue shirt, a brown and gold tie, a green tweed suit, tan shoes, and red, white and blue socks. This confused my weary eyes.

As I walked down the steps of the Lane Building a fire truck dashed by. No, not a fire anywhere, just Bobby Blake's red socks, red tie, red scarf, and red plumed pork-pie hat. Harley Mizel also sports a squashed hat. Jimmie McKillips still wears his knee-length overcoat, so I received no shocks from him. Perry and David might like to have their knee-lengths mentioned also.

Since Mr. Kestler offered no consolation from the humanities department, I sought out some freshman boys. I thought perhaps their "greenness" might suggest a more evenly-tempered apparel. Andrew Ernst's socks stopped me before I had made one interview. I blindly stumbled into a striped shirt worn by Joe Berg that looked like peppermint candy. Oscar Crosby's shirt suggested a barber's pole. George Carlock wears a blue jacket, red tie, and green socks, (better check on that, George). Richard Jackson chooses a combination of blue trousers, green jacket and no tie. Walter Coolidge chooses a

town again. And there will be weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth.

In lieu of sizeable remuneration we will skip over Hahn—Horn, Frippe—Ashley X., Jaudon—Durdan and similar affairs of our weather subscribers.

The time has come, dear children, to speak of our basketball team, a formidable aggregation and nice fellows individually, but whose composite sense of humor could not evoke so much as a smile from "Franny" Bruce. Some element of mob psychology beyond the scope of this column to explain sets their childish minds to the ruthless ridiculing of their chosen victim. That stuff's all right in the locker room, fellows, but keep it out of the lobby.

What if Rosapne does have that far away look in her eyes, and maybe Hughes does have a way with the women, perhaps Carolyn did have a date with Huddy. Don't shout it to all the world. Save that stuff for the gossip editor. Why make people dislike you for nothing when he gets activity points for doing it?

It is often said that a gossip editor offends many of his friends in his first column but not the second. The reason: by then he has none. Well, at any rate, I am consoled by the fact that, after all, a man's best friend is his dog.

Armstrong mourns the parting of Alma "Healthy" Hill. No more will the hallowed halls of Alma Mater ring with her unrestrained glee. The old place won't be the same and neither will North Carolina. Her departure dissolved a quartet that would gladden the heart of any male onlooker, but left a trio that would send Earl Carrol off on a tangent.

Blonde, Brunette, and Red Head, my my! Since Alma has been gone Howard has been burning a dirge that sounds suspiciously like "Lover Come Back to Me".

BOUND TO BE READ

(Continued from Page 2)

lief Fund supplied the former prisoner with a bowl of milk with which to lubricate his rusted innards.

We are indebted to Miss Carolyn Williams for this next little morsel of literature.

HANDS

I think that I could never bear Another hand in mine, my dear. Your hand that's pressed against my own

So soft and white as ocean foam. I hope the Saints will never bless The little hand I now caress.

Your hand's so delicate and warm— But holding hands is not good form—

Should I release it? I think not. Etiquette is all d— rot!

Cargill: What are those brown spots on your lapel—gravy?

Simon: Naw, that's rust. Tutton said this suit would wear like iron.

jacket to match his golden blonde hair. John Sullivan's Armstrong sweater looks just like a regular "son". Harvard Pitt's pink salmon sweater is just the thing for these early spring days.

When I turned this feature into the Inkwell office, I thought I saw snakes crawling under the table, but they were only the editors red and black striped socks, knitted by a sophomore girl.

The Lowe-Down

By Walter Lowe

Tournament Tips—

Woman trouble seems to have been the cause for "Pinhead" Eubanks' lack of points, but now that it's straightened out, watch for him in the State Tournament. Speaking of tournaments Coach Shiver said, "If the breaks are anywhere near even we should go places."

Joe Genone, diminutive forward for the Golden Avalanche, has been on the shelf with a bad ankle, but he should be ready by tourney time.

The sensation of the Geechee's front court attack is Bob Blake. Up to this writing Bob has garnered well over 160 markers to set a dizzy pace. Big Bill Sweatt, lanky center who has been a proverbial thorn in the opposition's side this season, is pushing Blake for scoring honors.

"Heath" Laughlin has won two titles for himself. One is for being the best long shot on the team, and the other is for being the best-drilled (spoon drill to you).

The boy who stepped out on the last few games for Armstrong is "Neck" Mizell. His accurate shooting and his ability to get the ball of the back board have figured prominently in Geechees' surge upward.

Manager "Porky" Hughes also deserves recognition, as this is the last bit of literature before the tournament. Before departing for the fray, with 11 games won and 8 lost, your observer wants to thank the student body for their fine support this year. The boys will be giving all they have when they play for the State title in Tifton, and will try to bring back the coveted trophy.

For the first time in the history of the school, Armstrong will have a swimming team.

Many of the Junior Colleges in the state have teams, and the Geechees will try to get matches with them, in addition to their tiffs with the Y. M. C. A.'s in this section.

Practice will get under way as soon as possible after the final exams. Already prominently mentioned as candidates for the team are Joe Genone, Fred Lightsey, and Frank McIntyre.

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GIRLS SPORTS

BOWLING

The Girls' bowling team is now holding down the number three position in the scholastic league, and if they continue to improve at their present rate, there seems little doubt that they will soon be riding in the top spot.

The line-up is as follows:

Margaret Dooley
Doris Wise
Alberta Robertson
Georgia Wynne
Rose Barnes

The other teams in the scholastic league that furnish the opposition for the Armstrong girls are: the S. H. S. Blues, S. H. S. Whites, St. Vincent's Blues and Greens, and Pape School. League games are played every Monday afternoon at 3:30 at the Guards Armory.

BASKETBALL

The basketball team dropped the first three matches of the 1941 season. So far the girls from Armstrong have been defeated twice by the St. Vincent's aggregation, and once by the Candler nurses. Lack of experience is probably the most important factor in the poor showing of the girls to date.

For the remainder of the season games are scheduled with Charleston College, Augusta, Jr. College, Savannah High School and Bethesda.

The forward combination of Edwards, Storer and Altick has developed a fast passing attack, and with a little more practice, should be just about tops. Jean Gilchrist proves a capable substitute for Miss Altick.

TENNIS

The tennis team will be formed from the members of the Spring tennis class. Practice will probably begin about the second week in March; it has not been decided as yet whether an elimination tournament will be held.

The players most prominently mentioned for positions on the team are: Kitty Harm, Julia Storer, Gladys Feagin, Rose Ann Hamilton, Lucy Bowyer, Helen Schley, and Julie Beckett.



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IT PAYS TO PLAY HOOKEY

to remorse. A tear welled up and ran down my whitened cheek. I began to gather up my belongings. The elevator was waiting for me.

Suddenly a man stepped in front of me. I stopped, as it seemed inevitable that I should. It was J. P., Jr.

"Well, Miss Dooley, since you've been duly (he must have his pun) discharged, what are your plans.

I drew my remaining dignity around me like a cloak and looked disdainfully at him.

"Whatever they are, Mr. Strontium, they include you out."

I stamped away and went home to die—just plain die.

I had been slowly dying for two weeks when who should I encounter but J. P., Jr. He told me he had been working for a railway company, but was there no longer. It seems that J. P. had induced his boss to eject him by means of a stiff kick.

"I got fired too," he laughed.

"Oh", I said candidly, "I'll help you get fired again some day."

"Wait a minute," he pleaded. "There was really a method in my madness."

"What", I exclaimed. "Just give me seven good reasons for your Benedict Arnold characteristics."

"To begin with, I am not J. P. Strontium, Jr."

"What?"

"You said that once", he laughed. He had a heart-melting laugh.

"I'm Pete Johnson, and up and coming drawer of beautiful women."

"What?"

"An artist, no less", and direfully

in need of a model."

"Mr. Johnson, if this is your idea of a good joke, I think you're nuts."

"Oh, Alice, why don't you be reasonable?" he pleaded. He looked like a friendly cocker spaniel. I could feel myself weakening. After all, I did need a job, didn't I?

"All right, Pete", I replied (it seemed so easy to say Pete), "when do I start and what's the pay?"

"Oh, I haven't finished the seven good reasons that you demanded. Here are five others." He moved a step closer and took my arm. We walked across the street. It was late in the afternoon, and the street lights blinked invitingly.

"Well?" I said.

He seated me on a bench in the shade of a protecting live oak.

"The next four reasons are I love you, and the fifth is you'll have to marry me in self defense."

Of all the times to faint I would choose then. In fact I didn't choose to faint. It just happened. When I awoke, I was in his arms and he was bending over me.

"My darling," he said.

My left hand felt strange. I raised it, and there on my fourth finger was the most beautiful diamond ring I have ever seen.

"Trapped," I murmured happily, as I relaxed into his strong embrace.

Father: "What do you mean by playing truant; what makes you stay out of school?"

Son: "Class hatred, father."

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